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From the Lady's Book.

THE ALBUM—A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"Its not in mortals to command success.—*Addison.*

"UGALLANT!—amiliary!" exclaimed the beautiful Orinda Melbourne, as my pen unpurposed lower, Lieutenant Sunderland, as in the decline of a summer afternoon we sat near an open window in the northwest corner of Mr. Cozens's house at West Point, where as yet there was no hotel:—"And do you stand at last in refusing to write in my album? Really, you deserve to be dismissed the service for unofficerlike behaviour."

"I have forworn, albums," replied Sunderland," and I'll be hanged if I break my vow. For the first place, the gods have not made me poetical."

"Ah!" interrupted Miss Melbourne, "you remind me of the well-known story of the mayor of a Flemish provincial town, who, on receiving that the worthy burgesses had fifteen reasons for not doing themselves the honour of giving a soirée and supper to the general—the first reason being, that they had no cannon."

"A cean in point," remarked Sunderland.

"Well," resumed Orinda, "I do not expect you to surpass the glories of Byron and Moore."

"Nothing is more inexplicable than modern poetry, observed Sunderland; "the magazines and souvenirs have surfeited the world with it."

"I do not require you to be siren mediocre," persisted the young lady. "Give me something original, if you can. I shall prize it almost as highly as if it were seriously good. I need not remind you of the last album I furnished, that extremes meet, and that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous.—I look at the album (to Wm. Polar), written in my album by a very obliging cadet, a room-mate of my brother's. It is a perfect gem. How I admire those lines:—

'The snow-boat up the river shoots
While Walls on ice bugle tunes.'

"We to the man," said Sunderland, "who subjects his hard-earned reputation to the ordeal of a lady's album, where all, whether gifted or ungifted, are expected to do their best."

"You are mistaken," replied Orinda; "that expectation has long since gone by. We have found, by experience, that in albums, as in acquaintance or perrorseness, gentlemen are very apt to write their worst in albums."

"I do not wonder at it," said Sunderland. "However, I must retrieve my character as a knight of chivalry. Approach any other book, and I will pledge myself to perform your bidding. Let your request take say shape but that, and the fire arrows shall not scare me."

"But why this inveterate horror of albums?" asked Orinda. "Have you had any experience of them?"

"I have to my sorrow," replied Sunderland. "With me, the experiment has been tried in albums never will run smooth." For instance, I once, by means of an album, lost the love of my lady."

Orinda looked up and looked down, and "a change came o'er the spirit of her face:" which change was not unnoticed by her yet undeclared admirer, as her subsequent words will show.

Sourne commenced on a former visit she had made to West Point to see her brother, who was one of the cadets of the Military Academy.

Orinda Melbourne was now in her twenty-first year, at her own disposal, (having lost both her parents,) and mistress of considerable property, a great part of which had been left to her by an uncle who resided in the city of New York, with Mr. and Mrs. Leslbry, two old and intimate friends of her father, with whom she had accompanied her to West Point. She was universally considered a very charming girl, and by none more so than by Lieutenant Sunderland. But hearing that Miss Melbourne had declined the addresses of several very unexceptionable gentlemen, our hero was fearful of risking the explicit avowal of his sentiments, till he should discover some indication that the disclosure would be favourably received.

Like most other men on similar occasions, he gave a thousand interpretations to her conduct, unfortunately evinced by the young lady on hearing him allude to the former album.

"There was a pause of a few moments, till Orinda rallied, and said with affected carelessness—"I suppose, Mr. Sunderland, that the story, as we seem to have nothing better to talk of."

"Well, then," proceeded Sunderland, during one of my visits to the city, I met with a very pretty young lady whose acquaintance, if not name is of course unmentionable, but I soon found myself, for the first time in my life, a little in love."

"I suspect it was not merely a little," remarked Orinda, with a penetrating glance.—"It is said that, for the first fit it is apt to be a strong one."

"No no," exclaimed Sunderland; "I deny the truth of that opinion. It is a popular fallacy—I know it is"—fixing his eyes on Orinda.

"I should have supposed you would have given a year's pay to be certain whether the prize that brought Miss Melbourne to the door too was a bona fide blush, or only the reflection of the declining sunbeams as they streamed from under a dark cloud in the direction of the western hill. However, after a few moments' consideration, he again interpreted favourably.

"Proceed, Mr. Sunderland," said Orinda in rather a tremulous voice: "tell me all the particulars."

"Of the album I will," replied he. "Well then—this young lady was one of the belles of Brooklyn, and certainly very handsome."

"Of what colour were her eyes and hair?" inquired Orinda.

"Light—both very light."

Orinda, who was brunette, caught herself on the point of saying that she had rarely seen much expression in the countenance of a blonde; but she checked herself in time, and Sunderland proceeded.

"The lady in question had a splendidly bound album, which she produced and talked about on all occasions, and seemed to regard with so much pride and interest that I feared she would possibly have been jealous of a book, I was, at times, very near becoming so. It was half filled with amazingly pretty literary effusions, and with tasteless insipid drawings in water colours, by hardly-inspected misses, which drawings my dulcinea persisted in calling paintings. She also persisted in urging me to write "a piece of poetry" in the book. But I excused myself in declaring my utter inability: as my few attempts in that line had always proved my entire failures. At last, I reluctantly consented, recollecting to have heard of sudden fits of inspiration, under which even milkmaids and cobblers have been unexpectedly visited. So taking the album to me, I retired to the window of my apartment at the City Hotel, concluding with Macbeth, that nature could be set aside, 'in spite of, 'tis well to do it quickly. Here I manfully made my preparations" to saddle Pegasus and ride on to Parnassus before breakfast. I actually dissected of Apollo was as obstinate as a Spanish mule on the Sierra Morena. It utterly refused to stir. There was not even the slightest flutter in his pinions; and the mountain of the muses, looked to me as much like Tomhas to Rosinante as—as what I shall not say."

"I will help you to a simile," replied Orinda; "as inaccessible as the sublime and stupendous precipice to which you West Pointers have given the elegant and appropriate title of Butter Hill."

"Exactly," responded Sunderland. "Parnassus looks to me like Butter Hill. Well then—to be brief (as every man says when he suspects himself to be tedious), I sat up till one o'clock, vainly endeavouring to manufacture a piece of thing that might stand for poetry. But I had no happiness for my pains, and at two o'clock I found it impossible to make both go together. I at last determined to write my verses in prose till I had arranged the sense, and then to put them into measure and rhyme. I tried every sort of measure from six feet to ten, and I essayed consecutive rhymes and alternate rhymes, but all was in vain. I found that I must retire entirely from the sense to the music, and to the sense. At length, I thought of the Bostn House of the French. I wrote down, near the right hand edge of my paper, a whole column of familiar rhymes, such as mine, thine, tears, fears, light, bright, &c. And now I congratulated myself on having accomplished one half of my task, supposing that I should find it comparatively easy to do the filling up. But all was to no purpose. I could effect nothing that I thought even tolerable, and I was too proud to write badly and be laughed at. However, I must acknowledge that could I have been certain that my "piece of poetry, would be seen only by the fair damsel herself, I might easily have screwed my courage to the sticking place, for nothing can be more true with the ladies, or my little nymph, I had a secret misgiving that she had never sacrificed to Minerva.

"At length, continued he, "I sat up till eight's candles were burnt out" both literally and metaphorically, and then retired in despair to my pillow, from whence I did not rise till ten o'clock in the morning.

"On breakfasting, I carried back the album to my fair one, but she still refused to let me of, and having invited me to take a walk with me to West Point, to which place I was to return next day. I did so, hoping to catch some inspiration from the romantic scenery. I ought to have recollected that few of the poets on record, either lived among mountains, or ever visited them. The sons of song are too often fated to set up their household gods, and strike their lyres in dark narrow streets, and dismal alleys.

"As soon as the steam-boat had cleared the city, I took out my pocket-book and pencil, and prepared for the conset. I now regarded the ever-beautiful scenery of the magnificent Hudson with a new interest. I thought the Palisades would do something for me; but my imagination remained as sterile and as impenetrable as their eternal rocks. The broad expanse of the Tappan Sea lay like a resplendent mirror around me, but it reflected no image that I could transfer to my tablets. We came into the Highlands, but the old Thomas Darrock rambled without in my fancy's eye, Anthony's Nose looked coldly down upon me, and the Sugar Loaf suggested no idea of sweetness. Even the picturesque Buttermilk Falls reminded me not of the fountain of Helicon, and Bull Hill and Breakneck Hill seemed too rugged ever to be sanctified into verse.

"That afternoon I went up to Fort Putnam, for the hundred and twentieth time in my life. I walked round the dismantled ramparts, I looked up at their damp and gloomy cells. I thought, (as is the duty of every one that visits these martial ruins) on the vanity, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. But they inspired nothing that I could turn to account in my lady's album; nothing that could serve to introduce the compliment always expected in the last stanza. And, in truth, this compliment was the chief stumbling-block of my task. "But for friendly compliments, I might myself have been an albumizer."

"Is it then so difficult to compliment a lady?" inquired Orinda.

"Not in plain prose," replied Sunderland; "and when the lady is a little a imbecile, nothing in the world is more easy. But even in such cases, to compliment in a sensible manner is not to be accomplished without danger of offending her sensibility, which both part taken."

"Which I suppose is the reason," said Orinda, "that sensible women obtain so few compliments, and fools so many, and fools so soon."

"True," replied Sunderland. "But such compliments as we wait to offer to elegant and intellectual women, are as sweet as gems presented to French beads."

Orinda coloured, for her beautiful eyes under the expressive glance of her admirer. She felt that she was now receiving a pearl.

"But to proceed," continued Sunderland, "I came down from the fort no better poet than I went up, and I had recourse again to the solace of my cigar. Grown desperate, and more determined to get the album of my mind and have it over, an idea struck me which I almost blush to mention. Promise not to look at me, and I will amaze you with my candour."

Orinda promised, but kept her face before her eyes.

"Are you sure you are not peeping between the stem of the feathers," said Sunderland. "Well then, now for my confession; but listen first." "I must premise that I had a strong number that the album alone was the cause of my desperation and my dishonour. Some Mephistopholes suggested to me that the best way to get rid of a bore is to persuade him to employ the older poets for something but little known, and then if ever I see an album in the hands of a friend, I would not, of course, venture on Scott or Moore or Byron, for though I doubted whether my lady fancy, was not more of a Tom than a Jack, the bards of Queen Anne's reign, yet I thought that perhaps one of them, or some other poet might be acquainted with the last and best of the minstrels. But on looking over a volume of Pope, I found that the "Rape of the Lock" was beginning to pout. "Well, sir," said she, with a pretty frown, "I see you are about to make me wait a long time before you confess." "I found him remarkably inclined to be communicative, and therefore I resolved to put him out of humour. "Well, sir," said she, with a pretty frown, "I see you are about to make me wait a long time before you confess." "I found him remarkably inclined to be communicative, and therefore I resolved to put him out of humour.

"By the by," remarked Orinda, "when you found so much difficulty in composing verses, did you not substitute a drawing?"

"Oh!" replied the lieutenant, "though I am at no loss in military drawing, and can finish a battle piece pretty well in the style of the smooth, delicate, half-tinted prettinesss that are peculiar to lady's albums.

"Now," said Orinda, "I am going to see how you will bear a compliment. I know that your brother has lately painted, and not very badly, the artists consider very excellent for an amateur, and therefore I will excuse you from writing verses in my album, and request that you make me a sketch, in your own way, of fly-catching Fort Putnam, with the surrounding scenery. I ought to have recollected that few of the poets on record, either lived among mountains, or ever visited them. The sons of song are too often fated to set up their household gods, and strike their lyres in dark narrow streets, and dismal alleys.

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"I recollect it," said Orinda; "it is a satire on the amateur love-verses of that period: such as were generally produced by fashionable insipidity and unmeaning sounds. And could you call such verses with your Dulcinea!"

"Yes," replied Sunderland, "with her, I knew that I was perfectly safe, and that she would pronounce them sweet and delightful. And in short, that they would exactly suit the taste of her album-making."

"Yet still," said Orinda, "with such an opinion of her mental qualification, you professed to write this young lady a piece of poetry! how could you do it?"

"No, no," exclaimed Sunderland, eagerly. "It was only a passing whim—only a boyish fancy—such as a man may feel a dozen times, before he is five and twenty, but never in earnest or seriously. I should have told you at this period, I had not yet arrived at years of discretion."

"I should have guessed it without your telling," said Orinda, mischievously.

"Be your prefience" confided, and proceeded.

"I now saw my way clear. So I made a new pen, placed Pope on my desk, and sitting down to the album, in the true poetic spirit, I began with the first stanza of his poem—

'Flattering sprend thy purple pinions
Gentle Flattery hear my prayer
I a slave in thy dominions,
Nature must give way to art.'

And I then copied the second and sixth verses, substituting the name of my fair one for that of Aurelia.

"What would I not give to know that name!" thought Orinda. "But, in those verses, she resolved to understand, "if I recollect aright, there is no direct compliment to the lady's beauty."

"But there is a very great one by implication," answered the lieutenant. "For instance, the line—'Hear me pay my dying vows.'—What more could I say to the lady for love at first sight?"

And a lady that is died for, must of course be particularly interesting. In short, I finished the verses, and I must say they were very handsomely transcribed. Now do not laugh. It is not more ridiculous to write verses than to write a good hand, than to boast of scribbling a bad one? I have known persons who seemed absolutely to imagine that a man was the possessor of fine scrawls: because, unfortunately, so many men of genius have indulged in a most shameful style of chirography."

"Well, I viewed my performance with much satisfaction, and then proceeded to look attentively through the album, (I had as yet but glanced over it) that I might see how each had succeeded in calligraphy. What was my horror, when I found among a multitude of Lines to Zephyrs and Love-sick Maidens to Roses and Violets, the identical verses that I had just copied from Pope! Some other poor fellow, equally hard pressed, had, before-hand with me, and committed the very same theft: which, in the form of an anonymous piece, pronounced it "flat burglary," and could have consigned him to the Penitentiary 'for the whole term of his natural life.' But to accuse a coconut a robbery is bad enough, but to be anticipated in the very same robbery, is still worse. I had you been possessed of any conscience, and popularized your self-respect for nothing, is worse still.

"There was one way," observed Orinda, "in which you could have extricated yourself from the dilemma, and have done credit to your pen and written something else on another."

"That was the very thing I finally determined on doing," replied Sunderland. "So after a pause of deep distress, I took my penknife, and cut out the leaf: resolving to lose my next writing piece, I would go as far back as the poets of Elizabeth's time. While pleasing myself with the idea that all was now safe, I perceived, in moving the book, that another leaf was working its way out; and I found to my great consternation, that I had cut too deeply, and that I had loosened a page on which was faintly drawn in a lady's hand, a faint Cupid shooting at a faint heart, encircled with a wreath of faint flowers. I recollected that my fair one with locks of gold, had pointed out to me the performance as 'the sweetest thing in her album.'

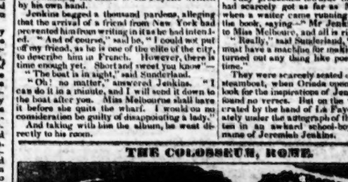
In the afternoon, Lieutenant Sunderland accompanied Miss Melbourne and her friends on the Plain, to witness the firing of the artillery. Orinda did not forget to remind Mr. Jenkins of her album, now doubly valuable to her as containing the name of Aurelia written by his own hand.

Jenkins begged a thousand pardons, alleging that the arrival of a friend from New York had prevented him from writing in it as he had intended. "And of course," said he, "I could not put off my friend, as he is one of the elite of the city, to describe him as French. However, there is time enough yet, Miss Melbourne, you know."

"The boat is in sight," said Sunderland.

"Oh, no matter," answered Jenkins. "I can do it in a minute, and I will send it down to the boat after you. Miss Melbourne shall have it before she quits the island." Orinda, on this consideration be guilty of disappointing a lady."

And taking it from him the album, he went directly to his room.



THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

The Colosseum, which is of an oval form, occupies the space of 4 English acres. "It may justly be said to have been the most imposing building, from its apparent magnitude in the world; and, even in its present ruin, it is not compared with it in the extent of their plan, as they cover nearly the same surface. The greatest length of major axis, is 620 feet; the greatest breadth, or minor axis, 513 feet. The order wall is 157 feet high, and quite entire. The exterior wall is divided into four stories, each ornamented with one of the orders of architecture. The external story is perforated for the purpose of inserting wooden masts, which passed also through the arches and frieze, and descended in a row of corbels immediately above the upper range of windows, on which awnings were spread to screen the spectators from the sun's rays. These masts were for the purpose of attaching cords to, for sustaining the awning which defended the spectators from the sun's rays. Two or more riders ran all round the building, leading to staircases which ascended to the several stories; and the seats which descended towards the arena, supported throughout upon eighty arches, ascending in tiers, so that every one had a full view of the whole. The entire inner wall next the arena is 97 feet high, and 180 feet in circumference. Immediately above the podium, elevated about twelve or fifteen feet, on which were seated the emperor, senators, ambassadors of foreign nations, and other distinguished personages in that city, of distinction. From the podium to the top of the first external story, was appropriated for the equestrian order; above the second range which ascended to the several stories; and the seats which descended towards the arena, supported throughout upon eighty arches, ascending in tiers, so that every one had a full view of the whole. In these various seats eighty thousand spectators might be arranged according to their respective ranks, and the females were placed in distinctions, as well as from expressions in history, were assigned to particular individuals, and that each might find his seat without confusion. The ground or lowest story, and on the surface of the arena in 1813; a great number of the arches were unbricked, and the whole building leaves which Orinda determined should never be filled up. Highly gratified at becoming the possessor of a work of which her album could scarcely refrain, in her enthusiasm, from the fabulous and other writers of the variety and extent of the arena, would exhibit in that space and ample conveniences were required beneath the stage, to machinery, dens, &c. but this engraving and book-bind. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, August 16.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—Despatched from Mauch Chunk, for the week ending the 7th inst.

83 boats, carrying		2,761 tons.
1260	do. per last report	36,671
1343	do. Total	39,432

We learn from the Booksellers' Advertiser for July, that the number of new American works published in 1833, was 174, comprising 205 volumes, at an aggregate price of $219,17. In the first half of 1834, 195 works, comprising 204 volumes, at an aggregate price of $211,25. Of foreign works there were reprinted in this country, 205, comprising 203 volumes, at an aggregate price of $216 75. In the first half of 1834, 86 works, comprising 105 volumes, at an aggregate price of $110 52.

A continuous line of rail road, besides that now in operation from Camden to Amboy, is in an advanced state of completion from Philadelphia along the west bank of the Delaware, through Bristol, to Trenton, in New Jersey, and thence through New Brunswick and Newark to Jersey city, opposite New York. All this route is nearly ready for use, except between Trenton and New Brunswick, which will require a legislative enactment from the state of New Jersey, in consequence of the charter already granted to the Camden and Amboy Company.

It is decided to be a New York law, that a bystander, summoned by a civil officer, to aid in executing a process, is liable for a trespass if the officer should appear not to be justified in the process. A man summoned to help to execute a writ, or quell a riot, is by this decision bound to know, and is responsible for the legality of the conduct of the officer, although he is indictable for a misdemeanor if he refuses his aid. This seems to lead to very unjust consequences.

Most Shocking.—The Boston Advocate has a paragraph exhibiting a frightful picture of death, caused by intemperance, a few days since. Two lads who had been hunting, called for water at a house in that town occupied by a miserable drunkard, and there found the wretched man dead upon the floor, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and his wife quietly sleeping on a bed in the same room. She was afterwards found to have received a severe wound on the head, and a two quart jug partly filled with "New England particular," was discovered secreted in an old chest; procured, says the Advocate, from a "drunkery" kept in a neighboring town.

On Sunday, the 3d instant, the middle arch of the bridge over the Kentucky river at Frankfort gave way, and all that part of the structure was precipitated into the river. Fortunately no person was up in the bridge at the time of the accident, and for several days previously, its dangerous condition had become so manifest that the crossing over it was discontinued. The extent of the damage is so great, says the "Commonwealth," a newspaper published at that place, that the company will probably be under the necessity of constructing an entire new bridge with the exception of abutments and piers, which remain uninjured. We understand that the timbers for the constructing a new bridge are already prepared, and are only detained by the low stage of the river which prevents their being floated down to this place. The communication between the different sides of the river is still kept up by means of Hensley's ferry, at Ann st., Milam's ferry a short distance below the bridge, and by the ferry at the mouth of Benson.

Dishonourable Traffic.—The Albany Recorder says, "that in a recent report before the House of Representatives, by the Committee on Indian Affairs, it is stated that whiskey, which cost at St. Louis 25 cents per gallon, is commonly sold to the Indians on the savage waters of the Missouri, at TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS per gallon. Also that an extensive distillery is in operation at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, where alcohol diluted to proof, is exchanged with the Indians at SIXTY FOUR DOLLARS per gallon, and when carried into the interior, at a much higher price."

Revenue Cutter Revolt.—On the 4th instant, eleven men belonging to the revenue cutter Hamilton, were taken by the Marshal of the District from that vessel, and brought to the city, charged by the officer in command, with insubordination and mutiny. Capt. Howard, commander of the cutter, was absent on leave, and the charge of the cutter devolved upon Lieut. Scott. The men charged with mutiny were examined before Judge Davis on Monday, and committed to jail to take their trial at the U. S. Circuit Court to be holden here in October. We understand that the men did not deny having refused to do duty, but one or more stated in mitigation, or as a reason for their offence, that they had not received any wages for the support of their wives and families, for the last ten months. The statement, we are told, was uncontradicted, and it would seem that there must be great fault somewhere. Com. Elliott was applied to by the Lieutenant Commander of the cutter for assistance, which he promptly rendered.—*Bost. Trans.*

Heaven described by a Kentucky Preacher.—It is well known that the Kentuckians consider no place in the world equal to Kentucky, or "Old Kentuck," as the phrase is. A preacher in that State, with most commendable skill, took advantage of this foible to recommend to his hearers the delights and enjoyments of heaven. In the first place he described its beauties and attractions by every mode almost that language could suggest, or poetry imagine. He decked it in all the colors of the rainbow; he made it a very paradise of shady walks and fragrant flowers; he described the occupations as forever delightful, and the pastimes as forever new. In short, he expended a whole dictionary of tropes and figures, to paint heaven in the most charming style. But there still remained one metaphor to cap the climax; and that he now brought forth. "In a word," said he, "my dear hearers, that you may have a full and perfect idea of heaven, I assure you it is a real Kentucky of a place."—*N. Y. Trans.*

THE SEA SERPENT—AGAIN.

We understand the Sea Serpent has been seen off Nahant within a few days. Capt. March of the Hancock and twenty of his passengers are said to have had a fair view of the Monster; and the Boston Mercantile Journal states that, on Wednesday afternoon about two o'clock, the crew and passengers of the Portsmouth Packet, Capt. Goodrich, had a distinct view of the Sea Serpent, when within about eight miles of Nahant. There seemed to be no doubt among thirty credible witnesses of his existence. The Monster was about twenty rods off when first seen and his head about the size of a barrel, was elevated 3 or 4 feet above the surface of the water. He seemed frightened at the noise of the boat, and the exclamations of those on board, and withdrew his head beneath the surface, passing rapidly through the water at the rate of 15 or 20 knots an hour. He appeared to be about 100 feet in length.

Deliberate Malice.—A young man (says the Lynn Record of last week) by the name of William Frothingham, an apprentice to Mr. Joseph Alley, of this town, about eighteen years of age, had his throat cut in his bed, while asleep, yesterday morning, about sunrise, by some inmate, supposed to be a lad about fifteen, who works in the shop and sleeps in the same apartment. The gash, supposed to have been made with a razor, reached from the windpipe to the jugular vein, as he lay upon his side; had it extended one inch further, either way, it must have caused his death. Dr. Hamilton was immediately called, who sewed up the wound. The case will undergo a judicial investigation.

New Temperance Measure.—The Poughkeepsie Telegraph relates that a few evenings since a person who is fond of a dram, stepped up to the bar of a public house, and called for a glass of brandy and water. There were two or three persons in the room at the time, one of whom Mr. Sutton, a ventriloquist of high reputation, was engaged in reading newspapers at the table. The man took up the glass with an evident mark of satisfaction, and was in the act of putting it to his lip, when "bow wow wow" appeared to come from a whiffet dog as if in the act of biting at his leg. The man kicked and cried "get out" most lustily in the same moment, in doing which he set down his glass and looked round for the dog. But no dog was to be seen, and this excited his surprise in an especial manner. However, he shortly concluded to "go ahead" and take his dram; but in the act of a second time tipping it to his lips, "bow wow wow" barked the dog louder than before; and snarled as if in earnest. The man jumped aside, kicked again and halloed "get out," evidently alarmed. He then looked about for the dog, but as none was to be seen, he set down his glass declaring he would not drink under such circumstances, and walked out. Mr. Sutton ought to be allowed a pension by the Temperance Society.—*Mass.*

A Curiosity.—We have before us a piece of lapidary substance, being a concretion of shells, stone and earth, in which the former are clearly and distinctly marked. It resembles very much that vast body of rock presenting the like appearance, embedded in the banks of the Genesee river, and various other limestone countries. The curiosity of the thing therefore does not consist in its peculiar formation, but in the place where it was found. It was presented to us by a gentleman who broke it from a rock on the Catskill mountains—a good deal higher up than the mountain house—say about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the Hudson river. It was found in a wild, romantic situation, without road or path leading to it, about a mile and a half from the Falls. Almost every thing in natural philosophy not easily explainable, is attributed to "some great convulsion of nature," and it must have been a "great convulsion" indeed, when the waters swept over the lofty Catskills and deposited the tenants of the deep on the highest mountain clefts.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Georgia.—Resolutions of the following tenor have been adopted by the General Committee of the banks in Augusta, Ga. That the account of any person or firm, dealing in exchange, who shall draw specie from [illegible]

Expensive Lodgings.—A gentleman from New Orleans, who is on a visit to this city, and now staying at Lovejoy's hotel, overcome by the heat of the weather on Friday night, went into the Park and seated himself under one of the trees to avoid the falling dew.—In a few minutes he insensibly fell asleep and continued in that state some time. On awaking he was "all amazement and stupefaction," at discovering that during his somnolent enjoyment some rogue or rogues had stolen his pocket book containing eight hundred dollars in bank notes—his gold watch, chain and seals, and his hat. The plunderer, however, had humanity enough not to let his unfortunate victim remain uncovered, but, in lieu of the one stolen, placed on his head a time-honored castor, valuable only for its antiquity and for its faithful services to a long succession of wearers. The stolen money consisted of five notes of $100, two of $50, and the remainder in tens and twenties.—*N. Y. Cour.*

From the Newburyport Herald.

DISTRESSING FIRE AT SALMON FALLS.—We learn by Mr. Foss, driver of one of the Dover stages, that the extensive Woollen Factory at Salmon Falls, South Berwick, was entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday afternoon last. Damage of property not ascertained: cause, said to have been spontaneous combustion.

But what adds distress to this event is, that *four* young women inmates of the factory, *lost their lives.* It is said that two were burnt in the factory; one threw herself from an upper window, and was so severely hurt that she lived but a few hours; and that one clung to the casing of a window in one of the upper stories till the skin and flesh was entirely burnt from her hands, when she fell and broke her thigh, and died shortly after.

"Cold Water."—A steam-boat lately arrived at St. Louis, Mo. bearing the cognomination of "*Cold Water.*" She was built and fitted out at Naples, Ill. and is intended especially for that trade. She is in all respects a Temperance boat. The owners, the builders, and the navigators are all Temperance men.—No ardent spirits were used while she was building; and none are to be allowed on board at any time.—It is not even to be received as *freight*, or upon any terms. The boat is of remarkably light draught, but calculated, by her length, to carry a considerable quantity of freight. The Cold Water is the first boat constructed on the Illinois river.

Short Shilling.—We learn that the Vice President in one of his late journies east, displayed great suavity of manner, at a certain public house, and quite won the heart of his host by his inquiries after his health and prosperity.

The Host afterward in relating these circumstances added that he was a fine fellow—he had actually given the Ostler 2s. A Whig, who seems to have known what he was about, offered to bet the Landlord, that the Ostler did not receive so much. The Landlord replied he would bet it was a shilling! The Whig then took him up on this, and upon inquiry, it turned out that *Mr. V. B.* had only given the Ostler 10 cents! or a short shilling! Roars of laughter followed this denouement. It was remarked that Mr. Van Buren had received more credit for his conduct than he was entitled to, and that if his public acts were properly tested, the people would find that he had put them off with a "short shilling."—*Albany Daily Adv.*

The Poisoning.—The Farmville (Va.) Chronicle of the 2d inst. states that all the 25 persons who were taken sick from eating of a poisoned custard at a tavern dinner at that place, had recovered, except Thomas C. Lagon, whose case had terminated fatally. The general impression of the attending physicians is, that arsenic, in some form, was put in the custard, as the effects were considered exactly such as are produced by the administration of that poison. There was setting about the room where the custard was prepared, fly-stone, for the purpose of killing flies; and some have conjectured that some of it might have been put into the custard. But it appears to be more than generally believed, that the real white arsenic had been put in. But, so far, no evidence has been procured of the perpetrator of this most diabolical deed. Suspicion has, indeed, fixed upon a particular female servant in the family of the tavern-keeper, and she has been imprisoned.

The Journal of Commerce states that the whole number of deaths in Montreal, *by all diseases*, from July 12 to August 5th, both inclusive, is *eight hundred and two*; of which by cholera, 548. In the week ending 5th inst. the whole number of deaths was 317, of which 197 were by cholera. During the week previous, whole number 279; of which by cholera 222. Consequently, the total deaths was 38 more during the week ending 5th instant, than during the previous week; but the number by *Cholera*, was twenty-five less.

In 1832, the disease increased rapidly for eight days,—and at the beginning of the third week, decreased from 120 deaths to about 70 daily; in another week the number was reduced to 40,—and at the beginning of the fourth week from its commencement the deaths were reduced to about twenty a day, after which they fell off rapidly. A temporary increase subsequently took place,—say about the seventh or eighth week, when many persons in easy circumstances fell victims both here and at Quebec, but the disease did not again make any permanent head.

Quebec and Montreal.—The only information in regard to the cholera in these cities, is the following, from the Quebec Mercury of Monday, and the Montreal Herald of Thursday last.

Quebec.—The interments for the six days closed yesterday, are we believe, 15, 16, 22, 27, 21, 22. Several of the deaths in the last two or three days were the result of attacks several days preceding. A gradual improvement of the public health is taking place.

Montreal.—The deaths at Montreal on the 4th inst. were 36; of which by Cholera, 19. On the 5th, deaths 48, of which 29 were by Cholera. Greatest number in any one day from the beginning, 56; of which by Cholera 49. The Montreal Daily Advertiser of the 6th says, "The Cholera seems to have made its way completely through the two Provinces. Quebec has suffered very considerably. No account of burials has as yet been published, but there is reason to believe that the mortality had not been far short of that of Montreal.

Montreal.—The Canadian Eagle arrived yesterday from Quebec, having a full cargo of steerage passengers. Several died on the passage up, and 40 more had to be removed to the Cholera sheds, upon the steamer reaching the wharf.

The cool weather, which succeeded the sultry days of last week, had made a very sensible alteration for the better, in the health of the city, and hopes were entertained that it might gradually improve. On Tuesday and yesterday we had a return of the hot weather, and with it, the number of calls for physicians has been materially increased. The thermometer stood yesterday at 87 deg. Until a general and complete cleansing of the city takes place, the miasma generated by such extremely hot weather, will be the occasion of increased disease. The Corporation has not the power to examine into the cleanliness of the courts and yards and houses in the city.

A perilous adventure.—The Glens Falls (N. Y.) Messenger, states that on Tuesday last, a lad, son of Mr. Amasa Fielding, of that village, while amusing himself by jumping from one ledge of rocks to another above the falls, lost his foothold, and falling into a cavity, was hurried down the rifts and precipitated by the waters over a precipice of forty feet into the foaming gulf below. A cry was immediately raised, "a child is drowned," and a large concourse of people assembled, but only in time to witness the intrepidity of a young man of that place, Mr. George Swain, who heroically leaped into the well known "gulf" and in a few seconds arose, bearing on his arm the object of his search. He hastily swam to the side of the precipice, and contrived to get a position where he could support himself and the child, but was unable to move one way or another. The precipice above him rose thirty feet perpendicular, and for a moment there appeared no alternative but his again plunging into the waters and seeking a better resting place below, but a rope was obtained, and being lowered to Swain, was secured around the lad and he was drawn up, and means being applied, was resuscitated and restored to his overjoyed parents. Swain soon made his appearance among the spectators unhurt.

Montreal.—The whole number of deaths from cholera in this city, up to the 4th instant, was 596. The disease does not appear to be spreading. The number of deaths on July 31, was 33; Aug 1—23; 2d—38; 3d—26.

At Grosse Isle, the disease is said to be increasing, owing, no doubt, to the great number of emigrants who are there, almost destitute of shelter, and of the comforts of life.

At Kingston, (U. C.) the accounts are also very unfavorable. The following is abstracted from an official report:—

	Deaths.	New Cases.
July 30	20	8
July 31	5	3
Aug. 1	3	13

SPREAD OF THE CHOLERA.

From the N. York papers of Tuesday evening, we learn that twelve cases of cholera, and four deaths, were returned to the Board of Health, at noon yesterday. The Commercial Advertiser publishes the annexed cases, furnished by a respectable physician.

Mrs. Brainard, No. 86 Centre-street, a widow, was taken sick yesterday morning and died this morning at 4 o'clock.

Edward McKean, same number, in Centre street, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, went for a Catholic Priest for Mrs. Brainard; soon after was taken with the cholera, and died in six hours.

Mrs. Smith, near to 110 Centre-street, taken last night and died this morning.

Since Sunday morning, up to 10 o'clock this morning, there have been eight deaths from Cholera in Centre street, between Grand and Canal streets.

The Board of Health have passed a resolution requiring each practising physician to make report, daily at noon, of all cases of Asiatic Cholera, which come under their notice.

Canal Navigation.—The steam boat Macon passed through the Delaware and Raritan Canal on Monday last, and the result of this experiment is such as to prove the entire practicability of using steam boats on a canal, [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] cussion, but at either point we shall find an abundant flow of trade for our canal and rail roads."

General Cass.—The following article from the Cincinnati Gazette, corroborates the statement recently put forth by some of the papers, that Gen. Cass is about to locate himself in Ohio, and to resign his seat in the cabinet.

General Cass, Secretary of War, arrived in Cincinnati, on Friday evening, and tarried until Monday morning. He was received and treated with marked respect and hospitality, without reference to party association.—He was on the look out for a place of future residence, and also upon a tour to Detroit.

A DISTINGUISHED VICTIM.

It is nearly 20 years since, a youth from the interior of the country, was sent to one of our popular towns to complete his academic and collegiate education. He was the only and beloved child of a widowed mother. He possessed talents of a high order, industrious habits, pleasing address, a joyousness and hilarity of disposition which gathered around him a numerous circle of friends and associates. As his mind developed itself, he exhibited a fascinating power of conversation, and that brilliancy of wit which has always exposed its possessor to the temptations of conviviality. With the ardor of his temperament, and beyond the reach of parental restraint, he yielded to these temptations and fell into painful and frequent excesses. It was agonizing to see the fangs of the destroyer first imprint themselves upon a victim so costly. At this time he received those kind and tender remonstrances, which can be dictated only by a mother's heart, and written by a mother's hand. He was melted. Weeping and kissing the letter, he made a vow to reform. He did so; but in his attempt he found no sympathy—none with whom he dare converse on his reformation. Obliged not only to resist an incipient habit, but also to sacrifice the enjoyments of friendship—he relapsed. His career increased in rapidity, and he was shortly after obliged to leave the institution of which he was a member, and retire to a neighboring village. In that place, he was accidentally visited one evening by a class mate. I am the most miserable of all beings, he exclaimed. "Here is a letter from my mother, in which she forbids me her presence forever, saying, that it will kill her to see her only child a profligate son. I would like indeed to die. My prospects are blighted, and if I live, I shall be nothing but a poor driveling wretch. He was urged to attempt his reformation, from considerations of his youth, and the natural reflection, that the severe measure of his parent was suggested in the agony of maternal affection for his recovery. He did reform; was restored to college; received his degree; returned home; commenced his professional studies, and once more revived the fond hopes of his devoted parent and affectionate friends. But during all this time, he had combatted his habits and his passions alone; no one seemed to encourage him in his reformation—no one gave him a smile of approbation, and still less could any one be found to whom he could express his fears or his hopes, and find that sympathy in his feelings, without which friendship and affection are spiritless, and a mockery. But if none stood by him in his career of virtue, hundreds were found to give strength to his temptations, and zest to his forbidden pleasures. He fell.—One relapse followed another, until a fearful career of profligacy was the result, in which he sought the city of New York, as a wider field for the indulgence of his habits.

Two years after this event, the same person who had visited this young man, in a village near the college, was travelling through the city of New York, to the interior of New Jersey. Going on board a steamboat, his attention was attracted to a person stretched on the deck and wrapped in a cloak. His curiosity was excited, and approaching the individual, he was shocked at recognizing in the bloodshot eye and haggard countenance, the features of his college companion.—He arose, and though partially inebriate, was conscious of his situation. "Are you here?" exclaimed the young man. "*Now* no more preaching—no more advice—my best friend is my bottle." "What are you doing, and where are you?" inquired the other. "I've been in New York and am now going to Philadelphia to see my friend D——. You know him; we have had many a merry hour; I mean to have another. My physician says, I must shortly die with my present habits; the *best advice* he ever gave me, and I think I may as well die in Philadelphia as New York."—He was beyond the reach of expostulation, and an hour afterwards in a state of sottish insensibility. He went to Philadelphia; visited his friend; was received with kindness and cordiality. "My dear friend," said he, "I have come to see you and revive *old times.*" I am rejoiced that you have come," replied the Philadelphian. "I wish you would stay with me, but do not allude to *old times*—they comprise the most painful period of my life, and the recollection is attended with shame and repentance."

The poor young man now *felt himself alone in dissipation*, and accordingly yielded to the entreaties of his friend and resolved to reform. He did so for a third time; returned home, raised his mother from a bed of sickness, to which she had been reduced by his profligacy. *But he stood alone.* Again in a thoughtless moment, he touched the maddening poison, and for the last time, relapsed—a moral maniac? He rushed from his native village; went to New York; from thence to New Orleans, as a deeper sink of pollution. There harrassed with debt, haunted by remorse, and maddened with habits, he fled to Cincinnati. In that place, he, who had commenced a few years before a life, with prospects clear and unclouded—with wealth—with talents—with friends, became, through the *want of decision*, a begging pauper—a loathsome sot—supported by the refuse of the town—a gross pander of sensuality—until, passing through the main street, he laid down, at noon-day in the kennel, for his couch; [illegible]

[illegible]

Philadelphia Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 15, 1834.

ASHES. [illegible]

BREADSTUFFS. [illegible]

COTTON. [illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, August 16, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

*** Our subscribers in Mobile, Alabama, are notified, that Jacob Wilson is no longer Agent for our periodicals—on which account they will please not take further payment to him. A new agent will be appointed shortly, of which due notice will be given.

The weather during the past week has been oppressively warm, but the city, nevertheless continues healthy. No case of cholera has occurred in this place this season, neither has there been, to our knowledge, any symptoms of a disease in which the symptoms might be regarded as suspicious. Our streets are kept unusually clean, and with a proper degree of care upon the part of our citizens, we hope entirely to escape this dreadful epidemic.

Rumor.—We understand that on Sunday afternoon, a dam-bauoe took place near the inclined plane of the Columbia Rail-road, between a party of citizens and several officers and workmen on the road, in which several persons were severely injured. We have not heard particulars, excepting that the origin of the affray is ascribed, whether justly or not we are unable to say, to the offensiveness of an engineer in remarking citizen desirous of examining the operations of the stationary engine.

On the same afternoon, a disturbance took place on Market street wharf, between a party of foreigners and a number of citizens, in which blows were freely exchanged. The riot was occasioned, it is said, by some insulting phrases applied to the citizens by the forlorn party of Ferry boat, coming from Camden. Four or five of the rioters were apprehended, and bound over by the Mayor to appear at Court.

THE WEST.

An intelligent writer in the columns of the Mississippian, boasts, and justly too, that at no distant day the whole Mississippi river coast, from Memphis to Baton Rogue, will be densely populated. Considering the rapid increase, the observation is correct. Settlement, by the West, during late years, this prediction cannot be considered chimerical. Already hundreds, perhaps thousands, of hardy emigrants, are yearly wending their way to the luxuriant vales of the valley of the Mississippi, with the design to purchase lands and locate themselves permanently on the giant river of America. Many of these plantations are now in a state of high cultivation. We have not been able to learn the exact number of the Negroes in the state of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Arkansas and Missouri, but we are satisfied that the number is immense in some about to among the yearly importation of Negroes from the Atlantic states. Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, has long been a respectable member of the Presbyterian Church.

There is abundant room in the Valley of the Mississippi, for the operations of the emigrant, but if the pops ation continues, as it has done, to double every eleven years, there will soon exist a state of affairs, in comparison with the present states in the shade. No country, perhaps, is in the known world, offers such inducements to enterprise, mechanics and agriculturists, as that which lies between the Alleghany mountains on the east, and the Oregon mountains on the west. In extent it embraces not less than a million of square miles, 640,000,000 of acres of land, 320 of fair cultivation, some of the best of which may still be obtained for one dollar and a quarter per acre. The immense tracts divided off into plantations of a few acres each, is capable of subsisting 8,000,000 families. Throughout, the country is finely watered, and such is the fertility of the soil, that but a moderate degree of industry is sufficient to secure a competence in a few years.

The healthiness for travelling in this region are by no means as rare as most persons suppose. Across the eastern range of mountains there are not less than fifteen good roads, several of them turnpikes, and as many lines of stages. Throughout the year, hundreds of waggons pass and repass on each of these routes, carrying the productions of the Atlantic slope, and merchandize from the Atlantic states to the Great Valley. On the Mississippi river, for five hours during the day, a steamboat is passing, without the arrival of a splendid steam-boat, in which a passage can be procured to any point between Pittsburg and New Orleans. A writer, conversant with the country, remarks, that probably no country on earth, of equal extent, has so many advantages, in facilities for intercourse, as the Valley of the Mississippi. A thousand streams, navigable for boats, and lesser during more than every year, and the many canals which are now constructing, afford convenient channels of commerce and intercourse in every part of the state. Several thousand flat-bottom boats convey annually the productions of the various sections of this region to the sea-ports on the southern parts of it, particularly to the great emporium of the West, the city of New Orleans. And hundreds of keel-boats, at seasons of low-water, carry the productions of the southern, and of foreign states, to the northern parts of it. But if the introduction of *steam boats* into this vast region, watered by large rivers, some of which are many hundreds of miles in length, which has greatly increased the facility of intercourse, be not a wonderful creation. No other country on earth will be beneficial to an equal extent by this wonderful invention. It has already done so in the country in the commercial affairs of the West. Instead of spending many months in warping a barge, or "cordelling" and "poling," and "bush-whacking" a keel boat from New Orleans to Pittsburg, against the current of the river, with its cargo of sugar and Otto, a steam-boat now makes the voyage in fifteen or twenty days, stopping also at all the intermediate places at important business, and has been gone but the expense of travelling, and of transporting goods, has been diminished three *or fourfolds*.

With these facts before us—and facts they are—we may safely indulge in pleasing anticipations of the growing greatness of our nation. When the coast of the Mississippi shall be converted into plantations, inhabited by an industrious and hardy race, and when the whole Valley shall fairly rival the g eat Atlantic slope, in the value of its agricultural products, the grandeur of its cities, the prosperity of its inerior and the proudest institutions, and the number of its inhabitants, we may indeed regard the United States of Ame rica as the presiding monarch of the world.

*A mode of propelling a boat up a stream by pulling by the branches of the trees which overhang the water.

BENEFITE OF FELIX MURRAY

The Sheriff of the County has received a communication from the Governor of this Commonwealth, requesting Felix Murray, condemned to be executed on the 15th instant, for the murder of Sutcliffe until Friday, the twenty day of November next.

From the Philadelphia Gazette of Thursday.
DISGRACEFUL RIOTS.

We alluded yesterday to a disgraceful riot that took place in Hanah street, on Thursday evening, between a party of black boys and a number of whites, and we find on inquiry that the disturbance was much more extensive than we anticipated. The true cause unless it originated in a quarrel between the rival bands, ing particulars are detailed by a morning journal as follows:—"Early in the evening, a detachment of boys and very young men, non-uniting perhaps to seventy hundred, armed with clubs, marched down Hanah street, to the open lot, adjoining the Hospital, where they were joined by others. After remaining on the lot a short time, as if to connect their plans of action, they proceeded in a common spot in Sixth street, near Shields, where the illegal amusement of flying boxes is carried on. The building was attacked and speedily demolished, and from the commencement of *sort of* a fight, it seems that a battle immediately took place between the rioters and the blacks who live in the vicinity. At one time it is supposed that four or five hundred persons were engaged in the conflict, with clubs, brickbats, paving stones, and the materials of the shed in which the flying boxes were kept. The assailants then passed down Sixth street, and drove the inhabitants of a house occupied by a black family, burst open the doors and obliged the inmates to fly for their lives. In a similar style they paraded through the streets generally, Hanah, Mary and others, in which blacks are chiefly congregated, committing violence of every kind.

The police having, about nine o'clock, become sufficiently strong for confidence, made an attempt to route the rioters and capture the ringleaders, and the disturbance still more agitating. "Down with the Police" was the general cry, and many of the city and county officers were severely, some of them dangerously, hurt. M'Lane, of the county, M'Lane, Mandenfield, Danenhower, and others, received such injury. Thomas, one of the city police, was so dangerously wounded, that on Tuesday night it was supposed he would not survive until morning. A number of special constables were sworn in by Squire Lougbead, who displayed great courage and activity, rushing into the centre of the rioters, and capturing about eighteen of the most conspicuous. They subdued however, generally, being obliged to fight their way through the mob to and from the office. Mr. Lougbead was enabled alone to detain the captives by a judicious but of means more effectual than clubs or brickbats. The sight of the weapon was sufficiently alarming to keep eighteen men quiet before him.—They were committed, being unable to procure the bail, a thousand dollars each, which was required. It was ascertained, that with one or two exceptions, the prisoners were from a distant part of the town.—Every effort was taken on the city side, and successful next morning by the Mayor. At about 11 o'clock quietness was restored."

The foregoing proceedings, as disgraceful as they unquestionably are, appear to have been but the commencement of the disturbance. Last night another mob, comprising many boys, and a considerable number of adult persons, assembled about half past ten, in the vicinity of Seventh and Shippen streets, and immediately made an attack upon the African Presbyterian Church. Sconces, brickbats, and clubs were thrown in at the doors and windows, and in a short time the building was under a complete wreck. A frame house, near the Church, was attacked and utterly demolished, the inmates having barely time to escape over the fences in the rear. The mob then proceeded to the corner of Sixth and Small street, and attacked a house called the "Diving Bell," occupied by John Cox, a white man, and used as a grog shop and lodging place for all colours, at the rate of three cents a head.—They destroyed in a short time. Other houses in the immediate vicinity, to the number of not less than five, were attacked and their occupied people, were then attacked and stripped of their contents. Great excesses are represented as having been committed by the mob, and one or two scenes of a m st revoking character, connected with the conduct of the females, are particularising in the hope that we have been incorrect by informed.

Some arrangement, it appears, existed between the mob and the white inhabitants, as the dwelling houses of the latter, contiguous to the residences of blacks, were illuminated, and left undisturbed, wh le those of the latter were given up to plunder and pillage with certainty. The furniture found in these houses was generally broken up a d destroyed, beds ripped open, and their contents scattered in the streets. Stones and bricks were thrown at the windows of several houses occupied by whites, but the inmates, it is said, were seriously injured, and report states that one is now dead.

In the course of an hour from the commencement of the riot, the police of the city, headed by the Mayor, and the watchmen and constables of the districts of Moyamensing and Southwark, assembled near the spot, and made arrangements for attacking the mob. They formed in two divisions, one led by the Mayor in person, and the Lieut. of the City Watch, and the other by High Constable Blaney and Captain B—k, and advanced from diverse points so as to surround the mob, which by this time numbered from one to two hundred persons. They made a vigorous attack upon the blacks, but some resistance was made by the flight. About twenty persons were captured, and conveyed to the police office. Many of them, we learn, had about them articles of plunder. This morning ster was generally broken up a d destroyed, beds ripped open, and their contents scattered in the streets. Stones and bricks were thrown at the windows of several houses occupied by whites, but the inmates, it is said, were seriously injured, and report states that one is now dead.

The conduct of the Mayor and police was in the highest degree fearless and commendable. The unfounded charges of Mr. Swift must appeared in a more conspicuous light, and to his energy and courage we are undoubtedly indebted for the suppression of a riot that might have threatened the city w ste s in who's section of the city, if not the destruction of many lives. Philadelphia may well be proud of such an officer.

It is worthy of remark that all the disturbances here alluded to, took place without the bounds of the city proper. Not a blow was struck north of South street. The boundary lines of Seventh and Shippen streets, was the line over which the mob passed, and no further than twenty. The doors and windows were broken down, the furniture destroyed, and the inmates, in some cases, sent naked into the street. *In a c house there was a sick child, and a woman in labour, and a child only a day old, and another a dead infant' was taken out of bed and cast on the floor, the mother being at the same time barbarously beaten.* Such are the exploits of the mighty "Gunne," "Punch," and "Big Gun." Robbers were busy, during the disturbance, in pillaging the houses that were attacked.

The amusement in the foregoing, in relation to the treatment of two d ad bodies, has reached us from other sources. Comment on such outrageous and inhuman proceedings is unnecessary.

This morning, the rioters arrested last evening were committed to prison by the Mayor, a colored man named William Robinson, took it upon himself to commit a number of assaults in front of the State House on last night's doings. He was repeatedly requested by the police to desist and go away, but pointedly refused and was at length taken prisoner. The Mayor will have a special of excitement he would suffer no mobs to collect, and any one detected in an attempt to collect a crowd, would be vigorously dealt with. Robinson was committed over, in the sum of $1,000, to keep the peace, and to stand committed until the bail was procured.

Since our last publication the coolera has appeared in New York and Albany, and a few cases have occurred in Poughkeepsie. The disease does not appear to spread very rapidly at either place. Particulars in regard to the number of cases and deaths, will be found in another column. In Montreal and Quebec the mortality has been great.

Miss Goose.—Blackwood's Magazine, in an article upon the Home, and scenes, gives the following sketch of a Miss Goose, an American lady whom we must not forget to remember, now that we are preparing a book on flowers, for she has addressed several very pretty poems to rain, and dew-drop, and hyacinth, and other darlings—Miss H. J. Goose. She is, we believe, a fair Bostonian, a d her name has a Scottish look and a Scottish sound to our ears and ear, which do not make the owner less plain unto to our hearer, though we have never seen, and may never see her face—but we have heard it in a very pretty one, and that she has, we every poetess should have, very beautiful eyes."

THE ABSCRAPER OF SCIENCE.

The first number of a new periodical under this title, was laid on our table last week. It purports to be a monthly journal, published by William P. Gibbons, Esq. of this city. The object of the work is to promote a taste for scientific and intellectual pursuits, especially among the younger classes of the community, by conferences more or less frequent on Geology, Astronomy, Botany, Chemistry, Natural History, &c. as well as by original and notices on literature, and reviewers of scientific publications. The number before us, which is extremely neat in its appearance, contains original communications on subjects within the general scope of the publication, from Dr. Gibbons, Dr. Green, T. R. Peale, Esq. and other writers. We extract one, from the pen of Dr. Green.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

By James Green, M. D.

Sagacity of Rats and Mice.—Almost every person has a rat story of his own. I can relate many marvellous instances in which rats and mice have displayed a sagacity scarcely inferior to that of the reasoning elephant. Though a number of cases, in which rats in wonderful skill and contrivance, have come under my observation, they by no means equal those which I have myself witnessed on the most *undoubted authority*. I shall confine myself, however, to my own experience. My thoughts have been turned to this subject in consequence of a little incident which happened a week or two ago. For a week or ten days past, I observed on my chamber by a most provoking noise, who, the moment the light of a candle was brought into the room, ceased his gambols. He would scratch and gnaw different articles of the furniture, run over my bed, and at last bounting himself on my handkerchief, would take away large portions of the tallow, and often produce such a clatter with the candlestick, as to convince me that he was not a sound sleep. I resorted to various contrivances to circumvent the mischief, but received

Rural Economist.

Change of Soils.—The following is an extract from a communication made to the New York State Agricultural Society at its meeting in February last, by Heratio Hickok, Esq. of Rensselaer county:

"Some years since a lot of land came into my possession, on which much expense had been incurred to improve it as a garden, without any success. The land was a coarse gravel, through which water would run as through a sieve. The gravel contained a portion of iron, which operated as a cement of its ingredients. I drew on to the lot several loads of clay, and a small quantity of leached ashes, the alkali in which might have had a little effect; manure from a horse stable was spread over the whole, and the mass was turned under with a spade. The soil improved for three years, when it came perfect. Upon examination, no clay and scarcely any gravel could be discovered. The soil, which had been extremely dry, was by this treatment supplied with an unaccustomed degree of moisture. The iron, which was the cement of the gravel, decomposed the water, absorbed its oxygen, and was converted into what is called iron rust. Thus the gravel was resolved into its original constituents, and combined with other materials, formed a warm, dark, and rich soil, at less expense than had been formerly laid out on it without any benefit.

"Many kinds of rocky knolls, whose bare summits disfigure our fields, may, often with very little trouble and expense, be converted into excellent soil. Of these kinds are soft granite, a soft variety of gray wacke, a slady and argillaceous limestone, and all the varieties commonly called slate rock. Their conversion into soil may be effected in a variety of ways. A neighbor had his fields deformed with bare slate rock knolls, he had also a large quantity of pomace, which lay as a nuisance against the building which contained his cider press; he was advised to cart the pomace on to the bare knolls in his fields. The rocks which formed the knolls contained a portion of iron, and the advice was given in expectation that the acid in the pomace, by its action of the iron, would effect the decomposition of the rock. He informed me that in one instance he had done so, that he had observed that the rock had mostly disappeared, but that he had been wholly at a loss to account for it. This was eight or ten years ago; he has since informed me that he complied with the advice given, on a field which he had then ploughed up, and that whenever the plough touched the spots which had been covered with pomace, it sunk down to the beam, and that after it passed such spots it rose to the surface. In this instance, by the removal of a nuisance, more land was acquired, and an increase of crops, without any additional fence, and with less trouble in cultivation."

Fat Sheep in Summer.—A writer in the Farmer's Journal, after stating that he applies tar to the roots of the horns of sheep, and puts a little in their noses and mouths, "as affording the best security against the maggot in the head," gives the following remarks on the management of sheep in the summer:

"I am careful to have none of my sheep, except those I intend for market, get very fat during the summer ... [illegible]

[illegible]

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PLATE 120.—*Quadrupeds.*—Figures—The Lynx, Ounce, Congouar, Persian Lynx, Jaguar, and Hunting Leopard.

121.—*Ornithology.*—Ostrich, male and female; and [illegible]

[illegible]

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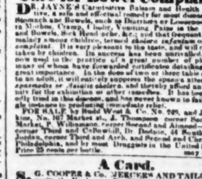
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